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## THE RIVALS.

*First Rival, with malice:* WHAT AN UNINTERESTING CROWD THERE IS HERE TO-NIGHT ! MR. OGILVIE  
SAYS EVEN I OUTSHINE THE REST OF THE WORLD.

*Second Rival, sweetly:* YES, HE TOLD me YOU LOOKED WARM.





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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IT is doubtful if the American mind is gifted with the capacity to believe that any man doesn't want to be President, or that any President does not wish to continue in office indefinitely. The recent rumor that Mr. Cleveland had written out the expression of his desire to return to private life in 1889, was received in most quarters with smiling incredulity, and is probably regarded at this moment by many of our friends, the practical politicians, as a clever feint. Notoriety and prominence must be curiously attractive to human nature, or people would not be so incredulous about the allurements of ease and philosophic retirement in comparison.

\* \* \*

WHY shouldn't Mr. Cleveland think it would be pleasant to get out. If he should refuse to be a candidate for a second term, he would leave the White House immensely the gainer in personal reputation by his four years of official life. Even our neighbor, the *Sun*, will hardly assert that the nation's two years of intimate acquaintance with him has not given him an enviable place in its regard. Even the most confirmed and mouldy moss-backs think a great deal more respectfully, at least, of him than they did when he began. They may not admire him as a democrat, but they have learned a new estimate of him as a man. If he should go out in 1889, he would go out with colors flying, to the enjoyment of a distinguished position among his fellow citizens. And he would have political prospects still left. He might rest for four, or eight, or twelve years, and still be a candidate for re-election if the fit struck him or his fitness struck the public. He would not be laid on the shelf with so much emphasis, even presidential speaking, as if he had served a double term, and Mr. Cleveland is a very young man to be laid on the shelf in any respect. If he should retire, or be retired, after a single term, *LIFE*, for one, would like to see him emulate the example of John Quincy Adams, and serve the people at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

THERE is one serious objection to quitting office that must have often occurred to Mr. Cleveland. He would be one ex-president, and the other would be Mr. Hayes. That consideration ought to keep his ambition fired, if nothing else could.

\* \* \*

DR. McGLYNN and Henry George, and some other men, have started an anti-poverty society. Now, we had an idea that George's idea of a society of that sort was for one member to be himself and the other Mr. VanAstorbi, and then for both members to contribute their effects to a pool and live off the proceeds. The newly-formed society must be constructed on a different basis, for two of the "other men" who are in it are clergymen, and George keeps right on with his paper and Father McGlynn has planned to go lecturing. An anti-poverty society whose members work is nothing. Society with the large S is that very thing now. Mr. George cannot patent his new institution; it was there before.

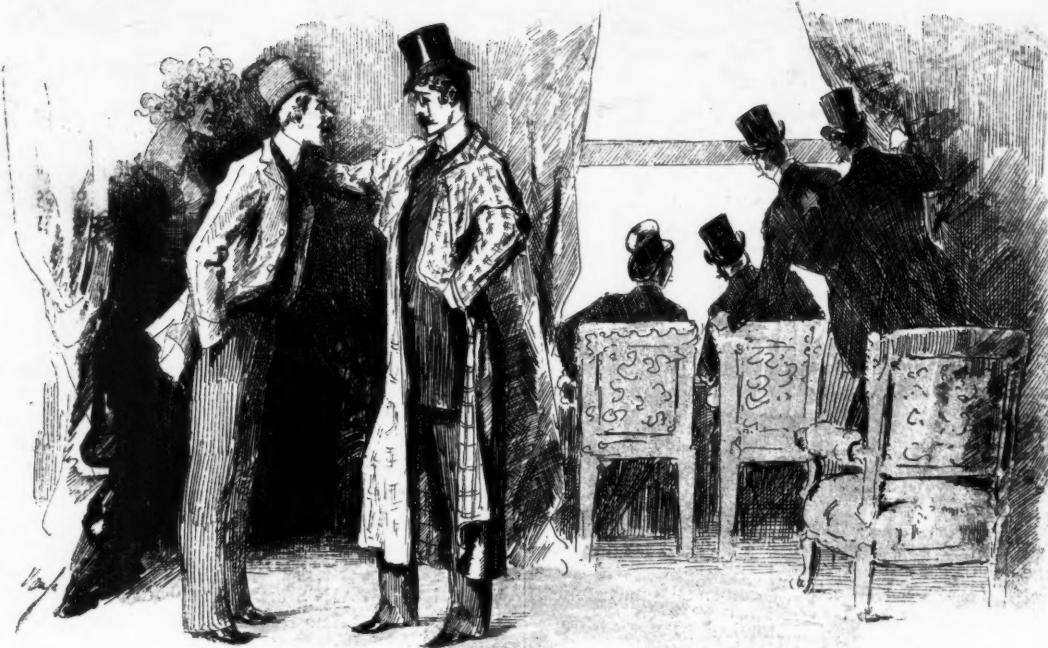
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LIFE hastens to felicitate the Hon. Sir George M. Pullman on his celebrated vestibule train. Are all the reports true, Sir George? Can the whole process of American life be carried on aboard your moving palace? Is it true that a millionaire can board this famous train in Jersey City, and eat, smoke, drink, read, sleep and be shaved in such grateful succession for a fortnight as hardly to know that he has ever left home, while the train has been to San Francisco and returned? We haven't heard of anything so peculiarly elegant since that worthy retired merchant built the library so admirably quiet and secluded that "I might spend a week there and nobody be the wiser." Are you not afraid, Sir George, that you will enervate us through these luxuries which you tempt us with?

\* \* \*

CAN any true New Yorker witness without some trepidation the growth of the Ohio Society in Gotham? Last year it had a dinner and its men talked. This year, about a fortnight ago, it had a great ball, at which General Ewing made the only speech. In a single year, he said, the society had increased from 115 to 400 members. It had outgrown its habits, its rooms, everything! At this rate, how long will it take for Ohio, with her well-known talent for helping herself, to absorb New York?

The prospect is sufficiently serious, aside from that it is interesting. We are used to having the East send its picked men to the West to grow up with the country, but there is a deal of novelty about the return of their sons in their strength from a country that is grown up.



## ONE TONGUE.

Dumley: HERE, PEABODY, WHAT IS THIS I HEAR ABOUT A MARRIAGE BETWEEN YOU AND THAT SMITHERS GIRL? SHE IS IN NO WAY FITTED TO MAKE YOU A CONGENIAL COMPANION.

Peabody: YOU'RE WRONG, OLD BOY, SHE IS A MOST CULTURED WOMAN AND SPEAKS SEVEN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES FLUENTLY.

Dumley: YES, THAT'S ALL VERY NICE, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN MARRIED AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU WILL FIND THAT ONE LANGUAGE IS ALL THAT YOU WANT A WOMAN TO SPEAK FLUENTLY.

## A ROMANCE.

[*Ye Poet, waxing sentimental, sendeth off to hys ladye love ys metrical recital of hys woes & hys undying affection.*]

HERE'S a room in Bohemia, cheerless and drear,  
That the sun never gladdens with light—

No friends ever break on my solitude here,

And day is as sombre as night;  
Yet night is all sunshine and day is all blest,  
And troubles fall lightly as dew:  
Trim Fancy in holiday garb I have dressed,—

I'm dreaming, fair lady, of you!

When I wonder and blunder through drowsiest lore  
Of Blackstone and Bishop and Kent,  
'Till my brain is as dry as the dust on the floor,

And reason is crooked and bent,—

Then Fantasy comes, and in Fantasy's train

Come visions of happiest hue.—

Far away in my sun-dazzled castles in Spain,  
I'm dreaming, fair lady, of you!

So the sun may come up and go down, as he will,  
'Till he smiles on my fresh covered grave;

And little I'll care, lying pallid and still,  
For the honors that living men crave;

But I'll dream on forever in peace—if the dead  
May dream of the love that they knew—  
And the low-waving grass that grows over my head  
Will whisper, dear lady, of you!

[*Ye Mayde being from ye Weste and ill-appreciating ye flightes of Pegasus makes reply.*]

Oh, give us a rest on your "castles" and "dreams,"  
And your "grave" and your "low-waving grass!"  
Please send me a box of good chocolate creams,  
And burn all your metrical gas.

Perhaps you don't know that you give me a pain,—  
But, really and truly, you do!

Go and bury yourself in your "castle in Spain,"—  
It's the place for such duffers as you!

[*Ye Poet taketh ye nexte train for "fayre Provence."*]

W. S. Case.

JAY GOULD is not much of a numismatist, but he has the finest collection of coins in the country.

OF course Governor Hill doesn't want to sign a high-license bill.

The Executive's private bills for treating his constituents are probably too large at present rates.



## MAY.

**N**OW the man who owns a truck  
Is in luck,  
And the lord whose land is rented  
Feels contented;  
But he who moves the first of Gemini  
Is rather leemony.

\* \* \*

**B**OSTON is trying to get up an author's club, leaving out Sullivan and Mike Kelly.

The next thing we know Harvard College will be trying to row the New London race in a bath-tub. These Bostonians are very impracticable people.

\* \* \*

**T**HE *Herald* says that there are not ten women in the world who can sharpen a lead-pencil. They always ruin the point.

The same may be said of the way women tell funny stories.

\* \* \*

## THE CUT DIRECT.

**M**RS. VAN DYKE: Are you going to call on the late Mrs. Jones?

**M**RS. SMYTHERS: Indeed, I am not! She never sent me cards announcing her divorce, and I don't intend to run after any woman.

\* \* \*



A GNOME DE PLUME.

\* \* \*

**S**OME enemy of the New York *Sun* has discovered that Mr. Dana's name when written in blank verse, thus:

Charles  
Anderson  
Dana,

presents another acrostical allusion to the great Mugwump who supported B. F. Butler in the last campaign.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Czar recently declared that he was afraid of nothing; and as Nihilism consists largely of that, we rather believe the Potentate told the truth.

\* \* \*

**S**TOCKS and vessels are much alike. When they get too much water in they are liable to sink.

**M**AYOR HEWITT is doing so well in enforcing the Sunday laws that we have great hopes of the ultimate enforcement of the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday laws.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Pennsylvania Senate has passed a bill providing that the punishment for murder in the first degree may be death by the use of electricity.

Experts say that it is much pleasanter to be telegraphed into eternity than to be let down into it by a rope.

\* \* \*

**“P**APA,” said Mr. Gladstone's little boy, “how many legs has an ass?”

“That depends on the ass, my boy,” returned the Grand Old Man; “Lord Salisbury has only two.”

\* \* \*

## A SOLOMON IN THE BUD.

**M**ARK TWAIN'S article in the *Century* is very good reading—almost as good, in fact, as the subjoined examination paper received at LIFE office this morning.

I. *Why does a telegram sent from New York at noon reach St. Louis before noon?*

Because it never takes the Western Union Telegraph Company more than twenty-three hours to cover the distance.

II. *What is the greatest difference in time that two places may have?*

There is about a century's difference between New York and Philadelphia.

III. *What causes the continual fogs on the Newfoundland coast?*

The Newfoundland coast is English, you know.

IV. *Where is the Levant?*

Down East.

V. *State briefly the causes that led to the American Civil War.*

Niggers.

VI. *Name the principal point of difference between the government of Russia and the government of the United States.*

In the United States the government endeavors to elevate the people and in Russia the people try to elevate the government. They sometimes succeed in Russia.

VII. *The State of Michigan is divided into two parts by what water?*

Fire-water. The Prohibitionists are slightly in the rear.

VIII. *If the 1st of March were a Friday, what day would the 17th of March be?*

St. Patrick's Day.

IX. *Wherein lies the difference between the Senate and the House of Representatives?*

The Senate is Republican and the House isn't.

X. *Name the five races of mankind.*

Horse races, yacht races, foot races, boat races, and the race for office.

The unfortunate part of this is that the youth who has displayed such rich and varied stores of learning as above was summarily flunked at the Theological Seminary to which he applied for admission and has now gone on a Western paper in the capacity of humorist.

SCRAPS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES never smokes Reign-a Victoria cigars.

\* \* \*

MRS. SPRIGGINS remarks that she would rather fool with a bee than be with a fool.

\* \* \*

"GOOD CHARACTER," says a philosopher, "is property."

The Anarchists are quite consistent in opposing property.

\* \* \*

A NOVEL suicide is reported from Chicago. A young gentleman of leisure, becoming despondent, smoked a Flora Bernhardt cigar so strong that it drew his brains out.

\* \* \*

"ONE half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives," is a saying as old as Dr. Mary Walker.

It is believed to apply with much force to the Editorial and Business halves of the New York *World*.

\* \* \*

A N exchange says that Mark Twain and Mr. Howells walk around New York with their arms lovingly locked.

This is probably done to keep them from writing in the streets.



SAY, NERO, I'M GOING TO BE OUT LATE, AN'  
I DON'T WANT YOU TO BARK WHEN I GET HOME  
AN' WAKE THE FOLKS UP.



A FRUGAL MIND.

*Miss Columbia*: GROVER, IF JOHN CHINAMAN CALLS WITH THAT LITTLE BILL, ASK HIM TO WAIT ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS. IF JOHN BULL COMES ABOUT CANADA, TELL HIM I AM SICK AND CAN'T FIGHT. AFTER THE WAY MISS MEXICO TREATED ME, I DON'T WISH TO SEE HER ANY MORE. IN FACT, I AM IN NO CONDITION TO MEET ANYONE! NOW, HAVING NO VISITORS, I CAN READ THE LAST ROMANCE ON "HOW TO REDUCE THE SURPLUS."

THE BLUE-BLOODED GOAT.

A N old goat settled in New York city, and being anxious to get into the best society, told his new acquaintances that his great-grandfather was a Bengal tiger. The animals were disposed to doubt the truth of this; whereupon the goat produced a certificate of deposit showing that he had \$3,000,000 in a down-town bank. This proof was accepted as conclusive, and in less than a month the goat was president of a swell club.

MORAL: This fable teaches that the *reductio ad pecuniam* is a powerful method of proof in the sociological system.

C HICAGO, since Mr. Lowell's insinuation that Bacon wrote "Richard the Third," is much impressed by the lines, "Off with his head; so much for Bucking Ham."

The populace don't think much of a man who talks about a bucking ham.

M R. ROCKAFELLER ought to cross the Atlantic in a dory. He would be safe enough if the ancient saw about "oil on troubled waters" contains the germ of truth.



#### A FEW REMARKS ABOUT LITERARY BOOMS.

LITERATURE cannot be successfully "boomed" as the acute business manager pushes a patent medicine or a new variety actress by means of lithographs and portraits, with accompanying "reading notices" of a eulogistic character. To have written one or two good short stories does not place a man or woman among those set apart from their fellows by extraordinary talent or ability. All this exuberant talk about "bursting into prominence with a single short story" is of a kind with the puffs of a country weekly which comments on the "statesmanlike effort of our new assemblyman," and compares him with Webster or Calhoun.

There was never any literature worth the name which was not rooted deep in truth, and no man can produce it who has been puffed up with a false and exaggerated idea of his own ability.

\* \* \*

ALL this is by way of prelude to a frank condemnation of the very interesting article in *Harper's* for May, on "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature." It is appreciative, good-natured, and in the main just in its judgments, if due allowance be made in all these qualities for exaggeration. But the perspective is radically bad. A short story assumes the importance of a novel, and a first novel is rated as an achievement approaching the wonderful. Twelve portraits are published, yet only three of the authors have made really valuable contributions to our literature. The rest are buds of promise.

When one thinks that after Hawthorne had written scores of his beautiful tales, which are unapproachable in style and fancy, he yet modestly rated himself as "the obscurest man of letters in America;" when one considers that great romancer's twelve lonely years in the old house at Salem, and his frank expression that "in this dismal chamber Fame was won;" when one recalls the long apprenticeship of Thackeray, full of good work which yet delights us; when, indeed, he is mindful of even a small part of the dignity, labor and achievement which go toward the making of what is admirable and true in letters—then must he be full of indignation at any form of adulation which gives that conspicuous place to petty workers which even those who have wrought long and well would be reluctant to claim for themselves.

\* \* \*

SUCH injudicious praise reacts on those who receive it, perverting their judgment; it raises false ambitions in the ever-growing army of those who deceive themselves by believing they can write; it creates a wrong standard of literature among those who read.

The South has given us good literature, and will give us much more. Its people are courteous, warm-hearted, unselfish, genuine. Their deep affections and vivid imagination must continue to color our books with those elements

which can never come from the cold and critical North. But the South does not want its writers "boomed" by the methods used in "working up" the "commercial movement" in Birmingham and Decatur.

\* \* \*

THIS is the only criticism to be passed on a wonderfully entertaining number of an always interesting magazine. The illustrations are unusually rich and effective, and there are notable articles such as Coquelin's "Acting and Actors," and Bishop's "Jerry and Clarinda."

#### NEW BOOKS.

*SOCIAL REGISTER.* New York, April, 1887. New York: Social Register Association.

*The Church Review.* April, 1887. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*The Essentials of Perspective.* With illustrations drawn by the Author, by L. W. Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Buchholz Family.* Second part. Sketches of Berlin Life, by Julius Stinde. Translated by T. Dora Schmitz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Saracinesca,* by F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

*Synopsis of Phrenology,* and chart describing the Phrenological Developments for the use of Practical Phrenologists. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

A HEN is a very superior creature, but she never could lay a corner store.

#### CASTING HIM DOWN.

POET: Well, old man, congratulate me, I've got something in the *Atlantic*.

MORTAL: What is it, a whale?



#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

*Susie:* OH! MAMA, I'LL NEVER DISOBEDY YOU AGAIN.

*Mama:* WHY, SUSIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

*Susie:* WELL, I DRANK MY MILK AT LUNCH AND THEN I ATE — A PICKLE; AND THE MILK SAID TO THE PICKLE, "GET OUT;" AND THE PICKLE SAID, "I WON'T;" AND THEY ARE HAVING AN AWFUL TIME!



*She: IS IT RAINING VERY HARD?*  
*M. le Baron (who has just heard the expression "to rain cats and dogs") : NON,*  
*ONLY A LEETLE; IT EES RAINING KITTENS AND PUPPIES.*

THE ORGAN OF SNOBDOM.

THE *Social Register* has adopted a system of showing who is who, which is explained by the subjoined note clipped from its pages :

It is intended to trace the lineage of all the families whose names are in the Register by inserting the married woman's maiden name and the initials of a person's father, and his or her mother's maiden name.

This is a most delightful safeguard against the entrance into society of unworthy persons. A full set of parents must now be proved or the applicant for social honors goes to the wall.

It is just as well that the public should be informed on such subjects, and we think it should be extended further, by ringing in the grandfather, and saying whether or not any relative, collateral or otherwise, has ever graced the gallows, and if so, for what crime; also, in what business profession or crime the "woman's" or "person's" fortune was made, and of how many dollars such fortune consists.

LIFE is gratified to note that "women" and "persons" are to be admitted into society, and is altogether pleased with the *Social Register* as a key to Snobdom, its ways and byways.

WE commend the Rime of the Ancient Mariner to the Prohibitionists. They will perceive what a hardship it is to have

"Water, water everywhere,  
 And not one drop for drink."

AN INSOLUBLE MYSTERY.

WHY are we always so much more rejoiced at finding a dime than at earning a dollar?—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

We have to give it up, friend *Chronicle*. We have more than we can conveniently manage accounting for our own peculiarities without attempting to explain the idiotic preferences of our contemporaries.

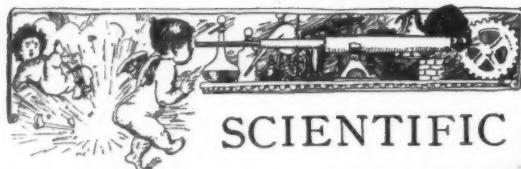
TRYING TO BE POPULAR.





LFE ·





## SCIENTIFIC

THE Grand Duke di Cesnola has confided almost a column of woe to our E. C. the *Mail and Express*.

It appears that there is no fireproof apartment in the Museum, as it now stands, in which the late Miss Wolfe's paintings can be placed.

Mayor Grace would not let the Museum have its appropriation unless it would open its doors on Sunday—and the Board of Apportionment is expected to act very much as Mayor Grace acted, respecting the \$315,000 when the bill permitting the City to give that much money is passed.

It costs \$47,000 a year to run the Museum now, and it will shortly cost \$88,000 a year to do it, and the City which bound itself to pay for repairs has never paid one cent.

Thus waileth the Marquis, who seems to be fireproof himself even if his Museum is not—else would he have been fired long since.

Now, as to Mayor Grace and the Board of Apportionment: the former was and the latter is representative of the people, and both seem to have taken the very level-headed view that what the people pay for the people must have access to on all reasonable occasions, whether it pleases the Ameer of Afghanistan or displeases the Ding di Cesnola; and, if the Corporal in charge backed by the Board of Trustees decides that the people may not have access to that for which they are taxed, at so reasonable an hour as may be found from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on any Sunday, the representatives of the people do right in withholding the appropriation.

No one asks Alderman di Cesnola to exhibit himself on Sunday, nor does the ordinary citizen much hanker for a Sabbath-day's view of the Board of Trustees. Hence the personal feelings of this nobleman and these gentlemen should not be brought into a controversy where they stand a fair chance of being slightly maimed, as it were.

Next as to the fireproof buildings, we fear that in their absence we detect the Trustees in a small joke at Admiral di Cesnola's expense. It was not very long ago that a collection of statuary was burned in the Central Park, and while we, of course, make no direct charges, we nevertheless feel tolerably certain that there would not be much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Trustees if they should wake some morning and find the whole Cesnola collections turned to ashes and the Duke himself somewhat

*"Chastened by Fire."*

There was method in Hamlet's madness, and the melancholy aspect that the Metropolitan Museum Trustees have worn since Lieutenant di Cesnola's experiments in composite antiquities were exposed, convinces us that between them and Hamlet there is a decided case of parallelism.

Third and last—why should the City pay for repairs when the Midshipman himself has shown that when left alone he

is capable of stupendous achievements in reparation, on his regular salary as Director?

Is not the City justified in thinking that the gallant Duke will eventually repair a crack in the wall so that it will resemble a triumphal arch, and rest content with the glory of his achievement? Are we not all watching earnestly for the day when the present brick building shall have been repaired into a marble palace with a façade from Rome, a cupola from New Jersey, and a back door from the soon-to-be-destroyed Madison Square Garden—all regularly paid for in the Director's salary?

Really, we think that taking all things into consideration, the Colonel has very little cause for complaint. It is very hard for him, no doubt, to sit all day long contemplating the nose of a Cyprian lady glued above the mouth of a Greek god; but he placed the pin in his own chair and should not growl because he has to sit on it.

He should view the condition of affairs with resignation—for his resignation would give the Museum new life.

## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

AGENT: It's the best investment for your money I know of. Why, the income from it alone is \$20,000 a year.

CUSTOMER: Why does the owner sell?

AGENT: Well, the fact of the matter is he owes the State \$400 for taxes, and he wants the money, bad.



*Perhaps it's unnecessary to state that these youngsters have been to the circus.*

Balancer (to boy on top): *WHY DON'T YER WAVE THE FLAG, TOMMY?*



## PREVIOUS TRAINING.

*The New Servant (beginning to pour the champagne): SAY WHEN.*

## STRANGE!

'T WAS Rose that turned my head, last June,  
With airy phrases uttered wittily;  
And Rose that stole my boyish heart,  
Coqueting cruelly, but prettily.  
  
'Twas Rose whose blushes swept her cheek  
All through the tender songs she lilted me;  
And yet—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*—  
When autumn came, 'twas Rose that jilted me!

M. E. W.

BOSTONIANS consider Mr. Riddle's assertion that their feet are notoriously large as a deserved tribute to the broadness of their understanding. Mr. Riddle should remember that large feet are symbolical of great soles.

OUR friend the inebriate states that there is nothing like drink to promote reel fun.

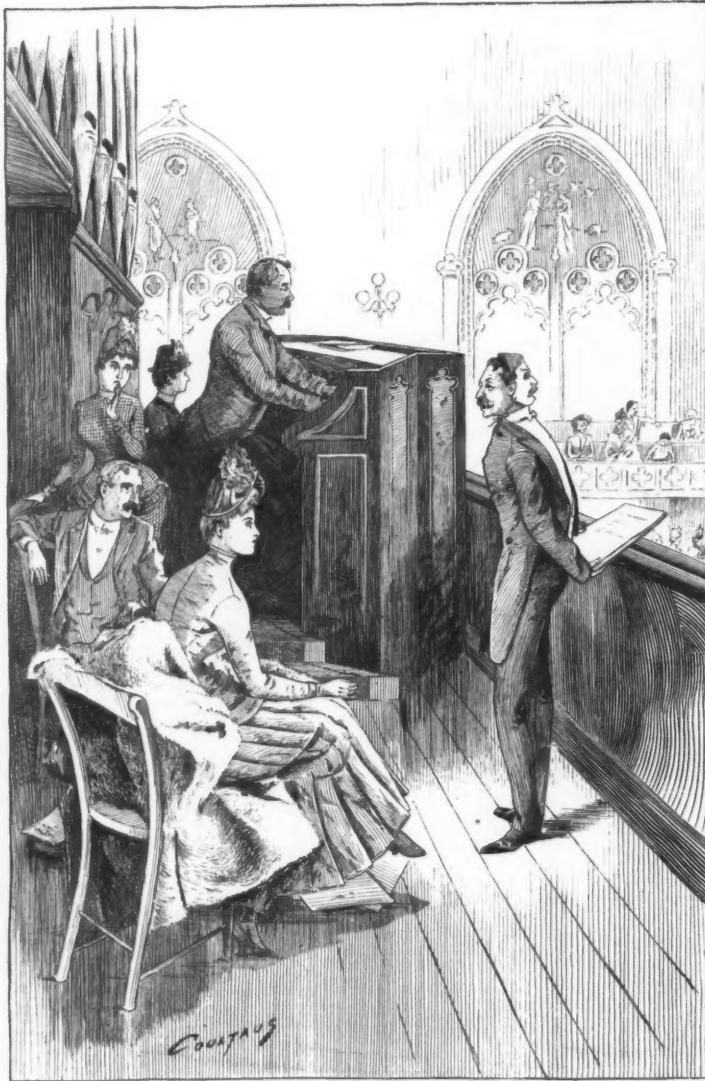
## THE UNCIVILIZED BEAR AND THE CIVILIZED BARE.

A YOUNG man who had foolishly pawned his overcoat before the bleak winds of March had ceased, was gazing at a polar bear in a menagerie.  
"Why do you shiver?" said the bear.  
"I envy you your warm coat," responded the youth.  
"Ah, if you only wait until the summer," said the bear, "you will see me suffer more than you do."

But when the summer came and the bear was luxuriously disporting himself in the cool bath furnished by his owners, he saw the young man sweltering under the same coat he had worn in the spring.

Which shows that the savage has no appreciation of the benefits of civilization.

"THACKERAY'S LETTERS."—W. M. T.



DE CRESCONDO, OUR TENOR, HAS A SUSPICION THAT MRS. DE CRESCONDO IS INCLINED TO FLIRT WITH THE DOUBLE-BASS, AND HE ACTS ACCORDINGLY.

**A MONUMENT TO DEPARTED WORTH.**

“MY goodness!” exclaimed Mrs. Way-back, stopping in front of the Worth monument, “he’s dead, is he? Wall, I declare; what’ll the York ladies do fur dresses now, I wonder!” And then she moved on to the next curiosity.

MAN wants but little here below, and he generally gets it.

**A PIECE OF VOL POETRY.**

**A** SOLDIER once fought in Ky.,  
In a manner exceedingly ply.;  
“Tho’ I rank as a Col.,”  
He wrote in his jol.,  
“If I live through this war, I am ly.”

“**N**O,” said Mrs. Malaprop sadly, “I knew that girl couldn’t live; it was like seeing a flower fade away—pellet after pellet falling off.”

**A FITTING UNION.**

“**A** VERY appropriate wedding took place in Boston the other day,” remarked Staggers; “a Cincinnati man married a Boston girl.”

“What was there so appropriate about that,” asked Scroggins.

“A union of pork and beans, you see.”

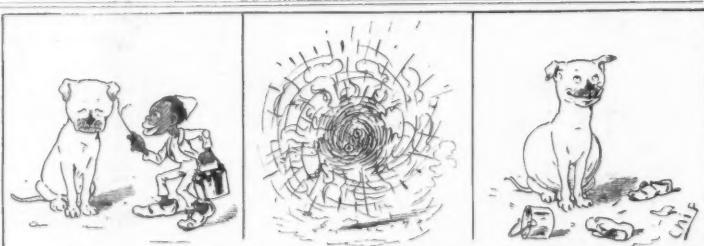
**C**OMPARED with some hotel bell-boys, the distance covered by the drifting Sandy Point bell-buoys is insignificant.

**R**IDER HAGGARD should have named his last story *High Noon* instead of *Dawn*, for all who have read it agree that it is very light.

**CRANK OR HYPOCRITE?**

**M**R. ANTHONY COMSTOCK can see a nastier meaning in an innocent work of art than any adult of our acquaintance. Whatever suggests the human form is, to this man, an indecent thing, and had he held office in the days of Phidias, he would have delighted in “suppressing” the friezes of the Parthenon. What a magnificent contempt he must have for the licentious brute who created the Venus of Milo!

**A**S between the Jubilee and the Wild West Show the Queen is said to have a marked preference for the Buffalobillie.



THE MISSING LINK.



## TRYING ORDEAL.

"I NEVER have tried going without food very many days at a time," observed Sharply to a friend, "but I once went without a drop of water fourteen days."

"Were you out on the plains?" inquired the friend.  
"No; I was out on a yachting cruise."—*Mail and Express*.

WILSON: What do you think of Patti's singing in "Semiramide?"  
KENNEDY: Can't say, old man; never heard her.  
WILSON: Why, I saw you at the opera the other night, didn't I?  
KENNEDY: Yes, but I was there with an opera party.—*Pale and Depressed*.

A CHICAGO Congregational preacher was in some mysterious manner knocked down the other day, and no one can imagine how it happened. Perhaps Henry Ward Beecher's mantle fell on him.—*Omaha World*.

THE late John G. Saxe received many requests for his autograph, even during his last illness, and last week the mail brought twenty-five applications from different parts of the country. Fortunately, however, he was dead.—*Omaha World*.

"MAWNIN', Brudder Smif! how's all de folks wid you?" "Dey is well, bress Moses! One ob de chilluns was aillin' yesterdat, but hit died jurin' de night."—*Texas Siftings*.

## SAID HER PRAYERS IN FRENCH.

IT was a haughty Eastern lady who had but dimly heard of this turbulent town, where people light their cigars with dynamite and you shoot a waiter for bringing you a potato that's only half boiled. She did not know what language we talked, but she had no manner of doubt that we had never heard of French. There was a San Franciscan lady with her little child down on a visit, and the three foregathered. One night the Eastern lady was watching the San Franciscan mother putting her little four-year-old to bed, with the usual formulæ.

"Ah," said the Eastern lady, "of course you haven't got so far in these matters as we have?"

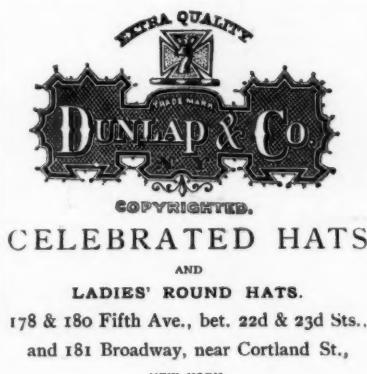
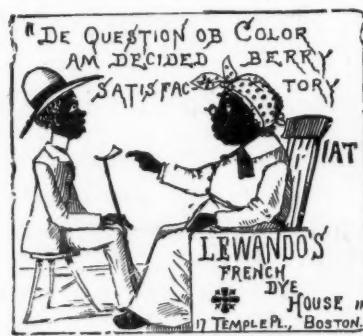
"What do you mean?"

"My children have all been taught to say their prayers in French." The California mother blushed. She had to confess with shame that her child could only speak to God in English. But the little four-year-old was listening. She got up in bed and put her little hands together:

"Mon Dieu. Bon jour. Comment vous portez-vous? Amen."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE *Sunday Herald* declares that the stories about the frauds in the champagne business are yarns. It has interviewed a lot of champagne dealers, and they say so. This is as conclusive as the confirmation of the Indiana man's estimate of the local judge, who he declared was the greatest jurist living. "You can't prove it," exclaimed a doubting listener. "I don't need to," was the answer, "he admits it himself."—*Lowell Courier*.

A PUBLIC reader says he has committed to memory more than 300,000 verses of poetry. We should regret his death, of course, but it seems a pity to lose the chance of getting so much rhyme out of the world at one fell swoop.—*Somerville Journal*.



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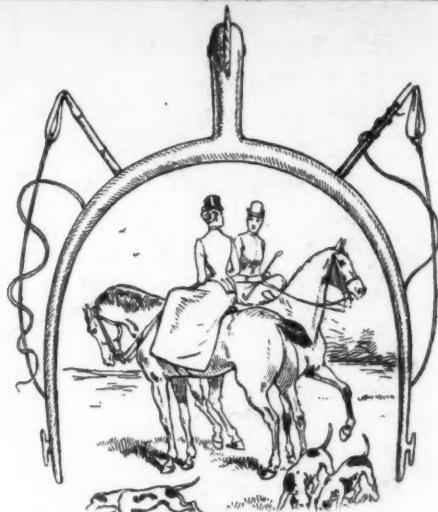


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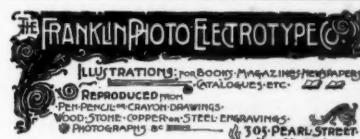
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